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COMICS

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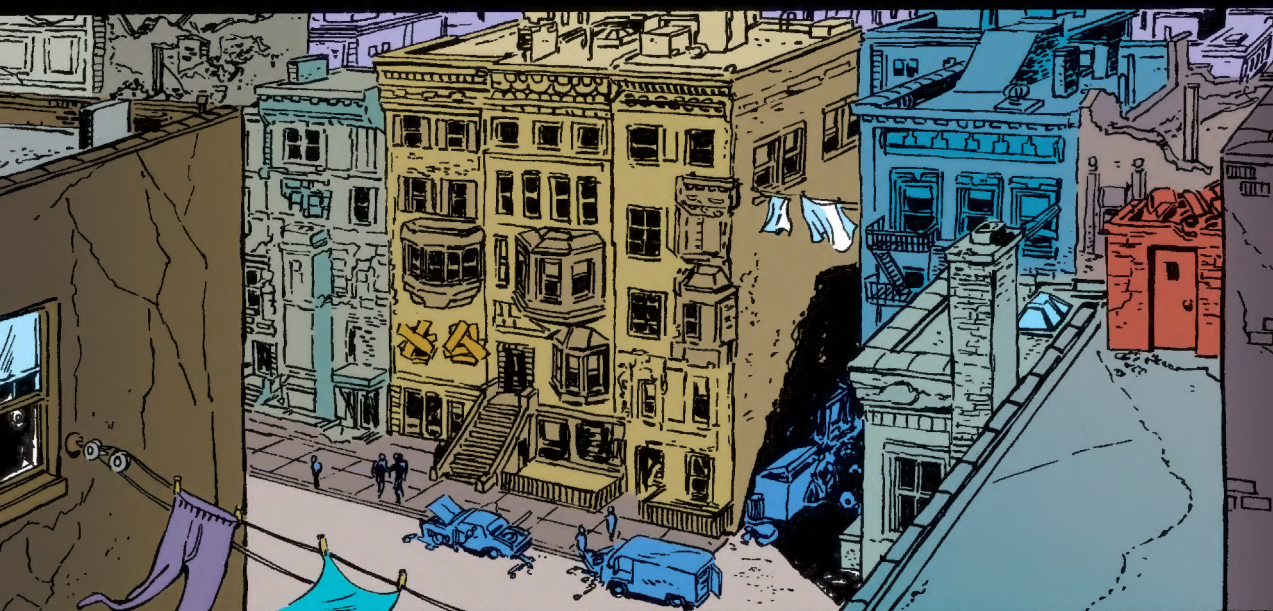
APPROVED
BY THE
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CODE
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DAREDEVIL[®]

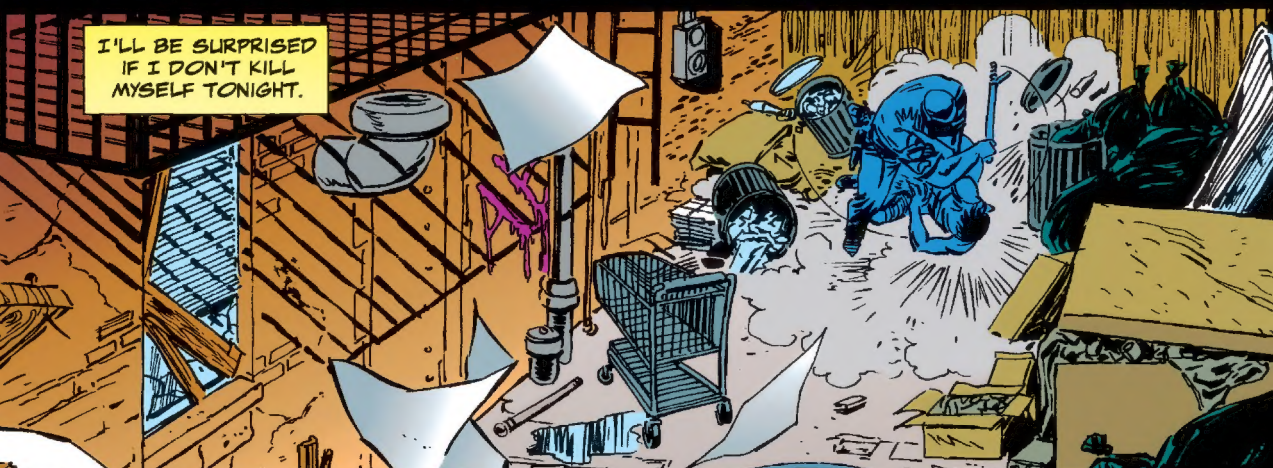
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



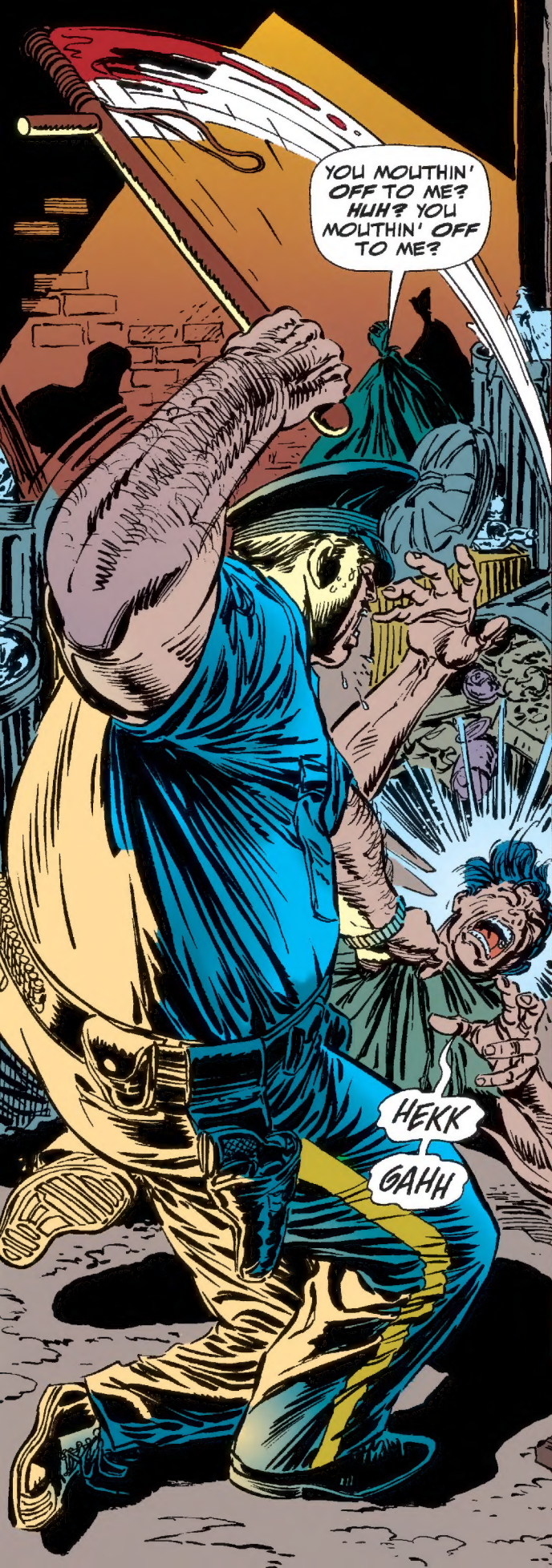
STAN LEE PRESENTS
DAREDEVIL
IN
"RECROSS"



I'LL BE SURPRISED
IF I DON'T KILL
MYSELF TONIGHT.



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YOU MOUTHIN'
OFF TO ME?
HUH? YOU
MOUTHIN' OFF
TO ME?

HEKK
GAHH



YEAH?
YOU GOT
SOMETHIN'
TO SAY?

I'LL BE SUR-
PRISED IF I
DON'T KILL
SOMEBODY
ELSE
TONIGHT.



EEYAAAHH!

MATT MURDOCK,
JACK BATLIN.

MYSELF AND
SOMEBODY ELSE.

THAT INANE, CON MAN GRIN!
THAT CORNBALL VOICE, OOZING
OUT THE WORDS "SOCIAL
ENGINEER" LIKE I MEANT IT.

AND THAT
COSTUME.

BULLETPROOF,
INFLEXIBLE, ITCHY.

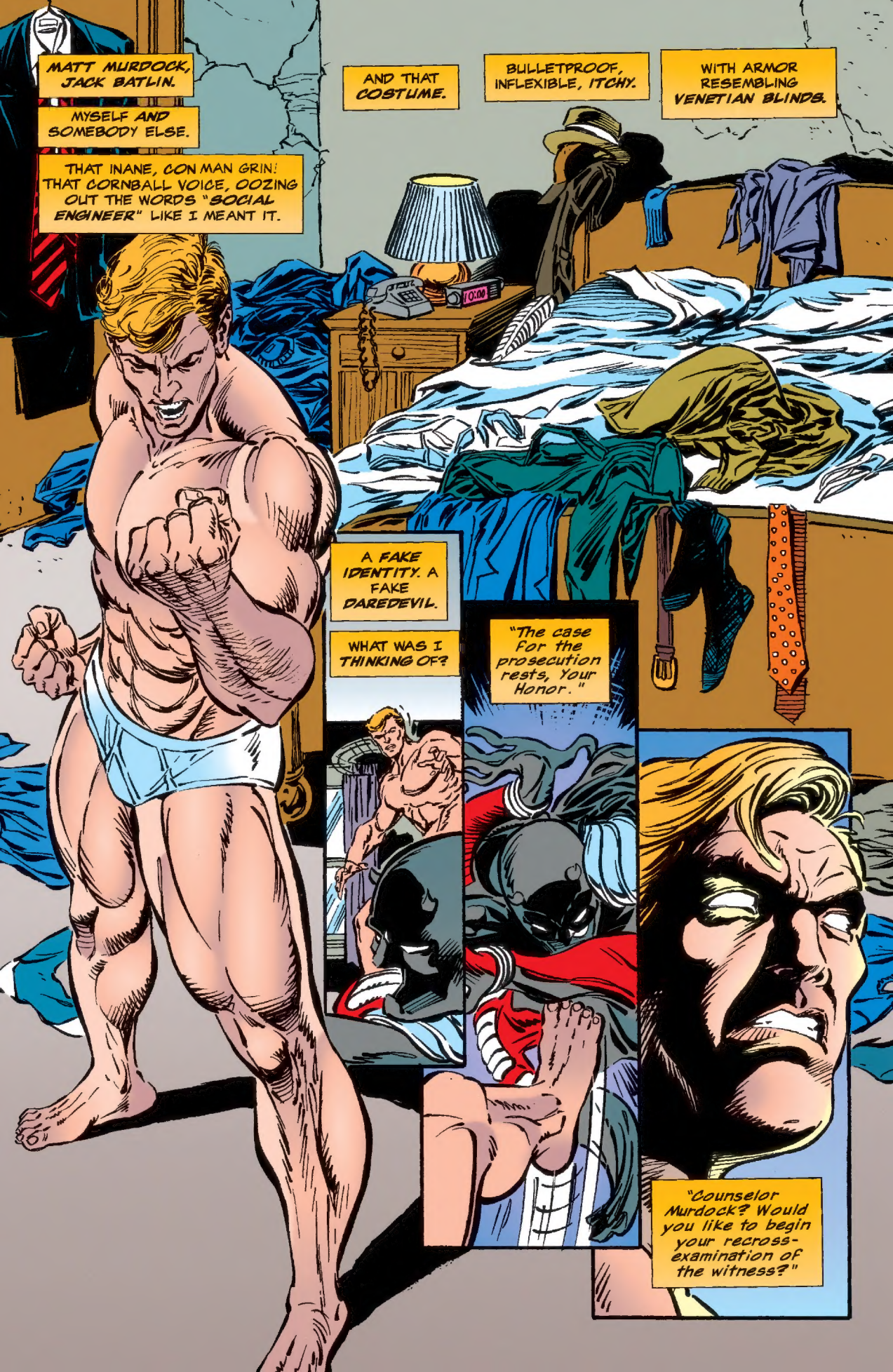
WITH ARMOR
RESEMBLING
VENETIAN BLINDS.

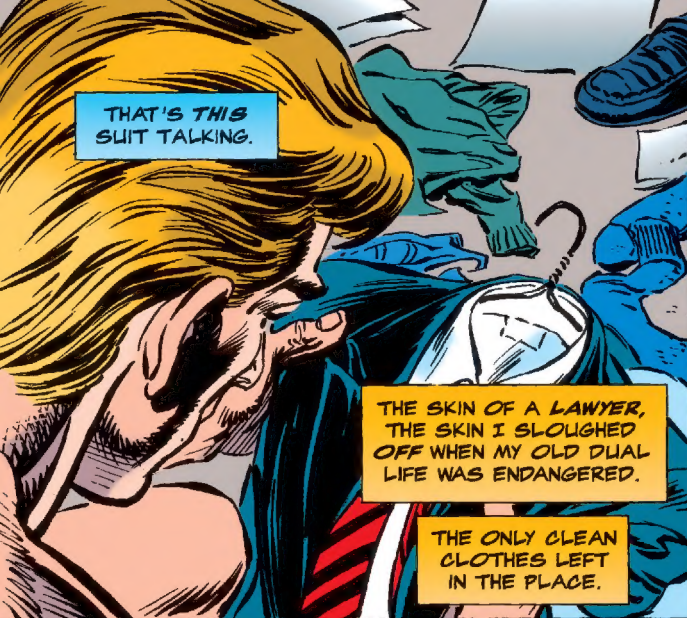
A FAKE
IDENTITY. A
FAKE
DAREDEVIL.

WHAT WAS I
THINKING OF?

"The case
for the
prosecution
rests, Your
Honor."

"Counselor
Murdock? Would
you like to begin
your recross-
examination of
the witness?"





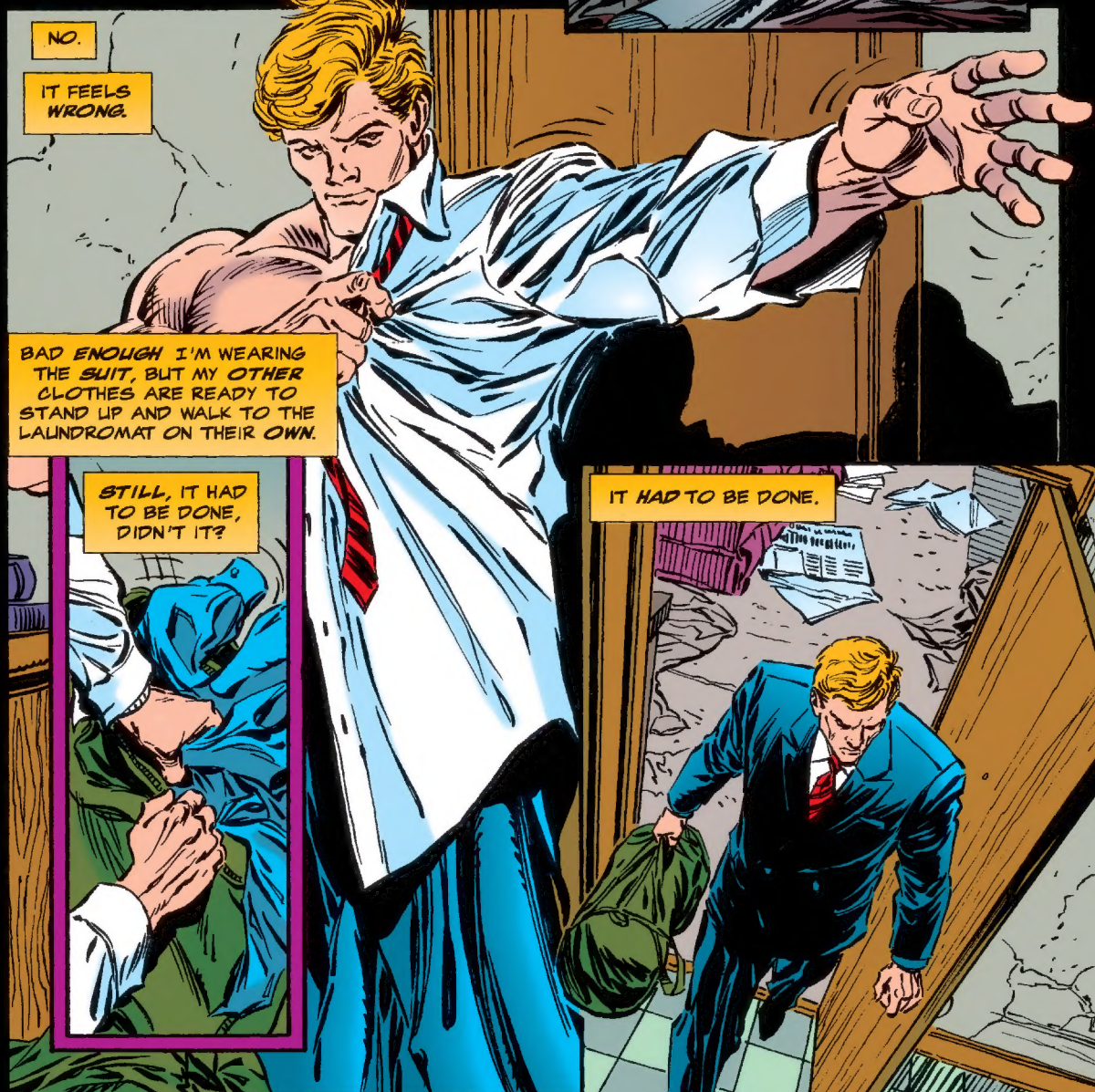
THAT'S THIS
SUIT TALKING.

THE SKIN OF A LAWYER,
THE SKIN I SLOUGHED
OFF WHEN MY OLD DUAL
LIFE WAS ENDANGERED.

THE ONLY CLEAN
CLOTHES LEFT
IN THE PLACE.



NORMALLY, I PUT THE
COSTUME ON UNDER
MY CLOTHES, BUT...



NO.

IT FEELS
WRONG.

BAD ENOUGH I'M WEARING
THE SUIT, BUT MY OTHER
CLOTHES ARE READY TO
STAND UP AND WALK TO THE
LAUNDROMAT ON THEIR OWN.

STILL, IT HAD
TO BE DONE,
DIDN'T IT?

IT HAD TO BE DONE.

YOU MOUTHIN'
OFF TO ME?
HAH?

WHY AM I ON
THE GROUND?

HAH?
YOU GOT
SOMETHIN'
TO SAY?

STANDARD ISSUE NEW YORK
COP, COUPLE HUNDRED POUNDS
OVERWEIGHT, DONUT CHOLESTEROL
ROCKDRUM HEATBEAT--

--BUT MY HEAD'S GONE
SLOW AND I DON'T KNOW
HOW I GOT HERE--

THE WIND DESCRIBES HIS
SHAPE FOR MY ENHANCED
SENSES, THE ONES
NUCLEAR WASTE SWAPPED
FOR MY SIGHT--



THAT'S MY
BLOOD ON HIS
NIGHTSTICK.

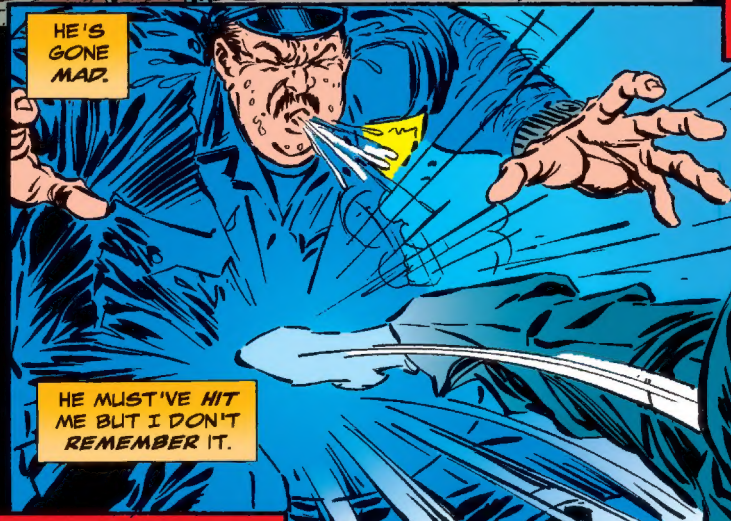
SPEAK
UP--

--I CAN'T
HEAR YOU--



CHECK HIS
BREATHING.

READ THE LOW
MOISTURE ON HIS
DRY EYES, WIDE OPEN FOR
TOO LONG.



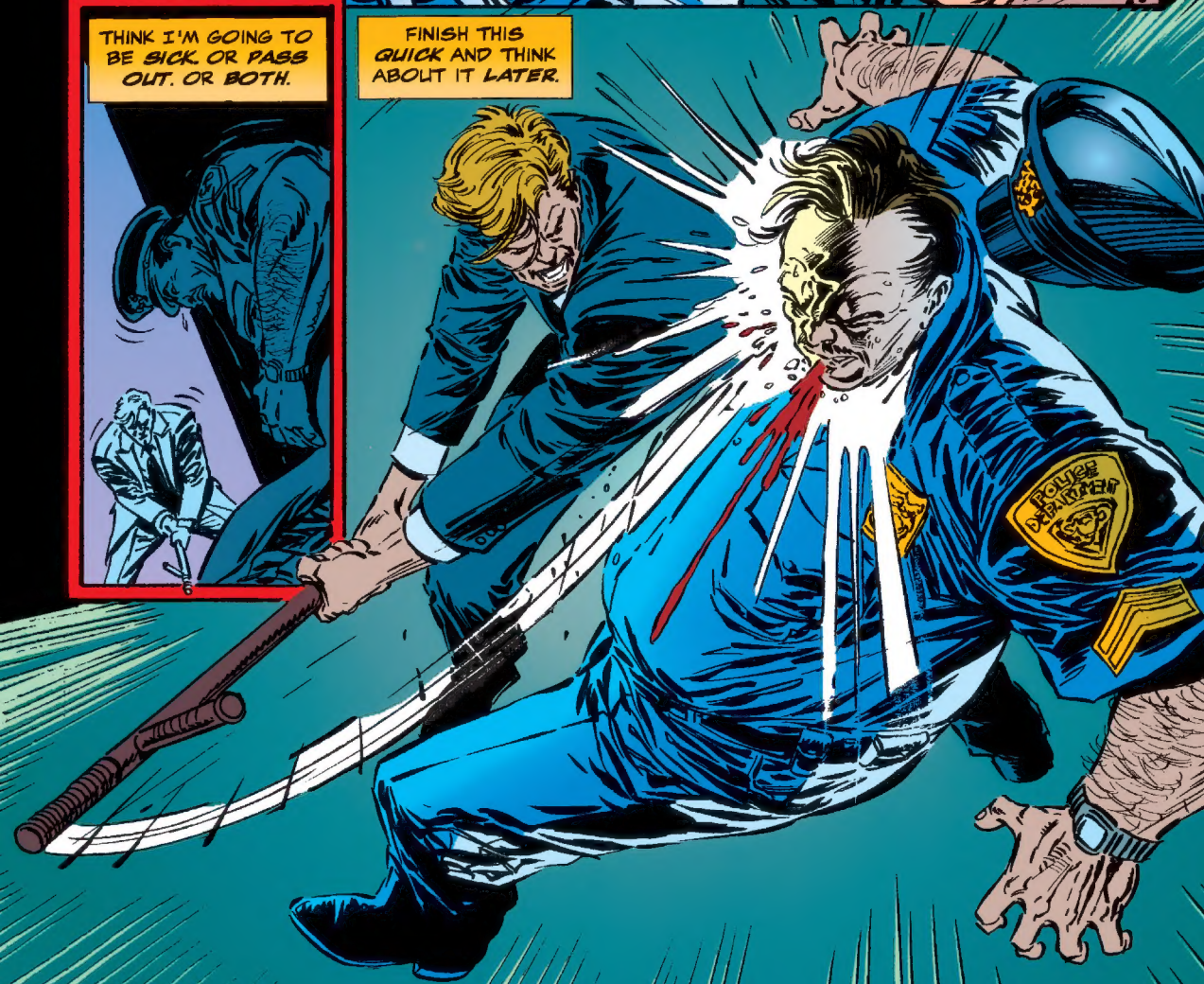
HE'S
GONE
MAD.

HE MUST'VE HIT
ME BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER IT.



THINK I'M GOING TO
BE SICK. OR PASS
OUT. OR BOTH.

FINISH THIS
QUICK AND THINK
ABOUT IT LATER.





GREAT.

HELL'S KITCHEN BOY
MATT/JACK IN A
LAWYER'S SUIT, BEATING
A COP INTO A COMA.

CON MAN JACK CAN'T
SOCIAL ENGINEER HIS
WAY OUT OF THIS.

But this was
SELF-DEFENSE,
Your Honor.

COPS AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO ATTACK PASSERSBY.
THERE ARE LAWS ABOUT
THAT.



THE WHOLE REASON I
STUDIED THE LAWS--

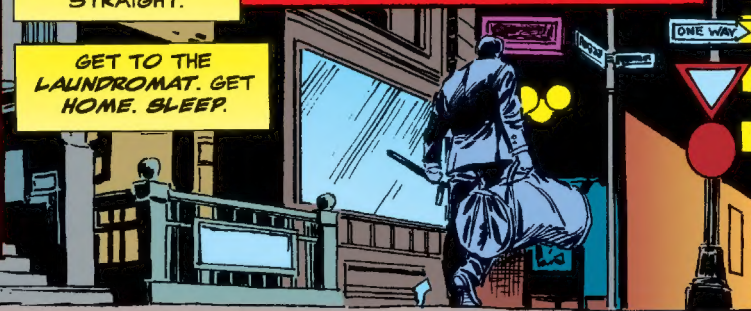


--WAS BECAUSE MY
DAD HIT ME AND IT
WAS WRONG.

EVEN CON MAN JACK WHO'S AN
UGLY TRUTHLESS FAKE COULD
SEE THAT.

I'M NOT THINKING
STRAIGHT.

GET TO THE
LAUNDROMAT. GET
HOME. SLEEP.



I'M SITTING
DOWN AGAIN.

I WANNA KILL
HIS BUTT.

I WANNA KILL HIS
BUTT AN' I WANNA
KILL IT NOW.

DENT, DENT--
LEMMIE LOCK OFF
THE DOORS
'FORE YOU GO
GETTIN'
TARANTINO ON
US HERE.

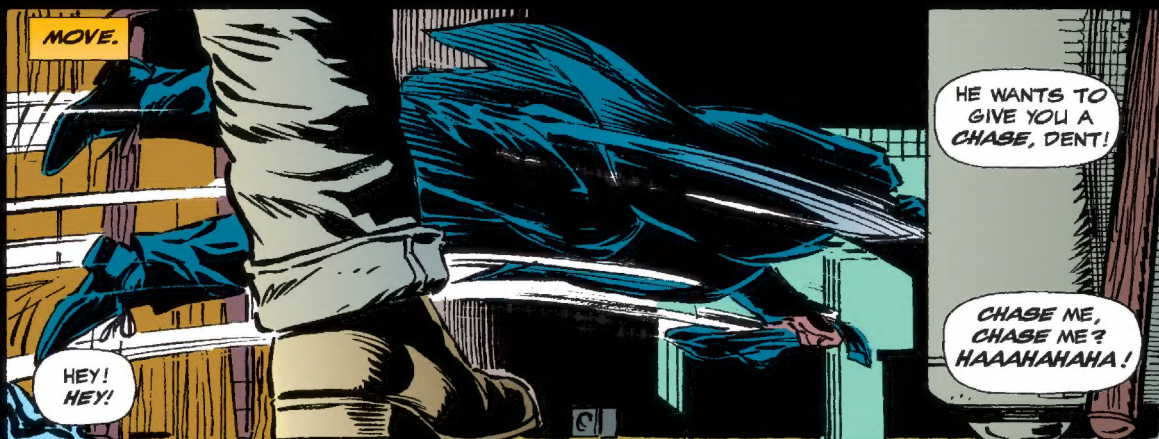
THE HIT I TOOK FROM THE
COP--MUST'VE CONCUSSED ME
OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE I
DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT HERE--

I CAN FEEL A TOOTH IN
THE BACK THERE
SEE-SAWING IN MY GUM.

WHY AM I IN A
POOL HALL?

NO NIGHTSTICK. IMPROVISE.

WHY DO THEY WANT
TO KILL ME?



MOVE.

HEY!
HEY!

HE WANTS TO
GIVE YOU A
CHASE, DENT!

CHASE ME,
CHASE ME?
HAAAAHAHAHA!

THERE HE GOES,
ARMED ONLY
WITH A SOCK--

HAAAAHAHAHA!

IMPROVISE.

WHEN I WAS A LAWYER, I
DID A STUDY ON BRITISH
BORSTALS--HOMES FOR
VIOLENT YOUNG OFFENDERS.

WEAPONLESS, WHEN THE
NEED TO BREAK PEOPLE CAME
UPON THEM, *THEY* IMPROVISED.

MISTER
MISTER!

HELP ME!
THEY WANNA
GET MY DAD!



A POOL BALL
IN THE SOCK

THE BORSTAL BOYS
CALL IT STRIPING.

IT HURTS.

"You love it,
don't you?"

"The taste of crime. The
wintry thrill of standing
on the edge of the world,
facing it down."

WHAT?

I DON'T--

"I would
advise the
witness that
this is
RECROSS."

"Most of the
evidence is IN,
now. It falls to
us simply to
piece it together,
mold it into a
STORY."

"I would further
remind the witness
that he stands
accused of FRAUD."



NO--THAT'S CON
MAN JACK, NOT ME--

So who in the devil's
name are YOU?

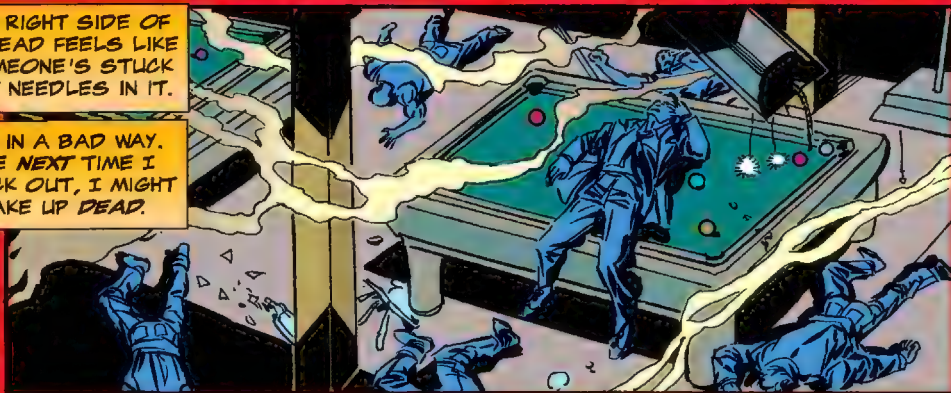
CALL THE
POLICE.

MISTER, I
CAN'T--

--THEY
WERE THE
POLICE.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF
MY HEAD FEELS LIKE
SOMEONE'S STUCK
HOT NEEDLES IN IT.

I'M IN A BAD WAY.
THE NEXT TIME I
BLACK OUT, I MIGHT
WAKE UP DEAD.



AND THAT OTHER
VOICE I HEARD--MY
VOICE, BUT WITH A
COURTROOM ECHO
ON IT--

HALLUCINATIONS?
MY SUBCONSCIOUS
STIRRED UP BY A
DENT IN MY BRAIN?

I'M NOT A FRAUD.

I PLAY A FRAUDSTER--
HAD TO, EVER SINCE MATT
MURDOCK'S SECRET LIFE
AS PAREDEVIL WAS
COMPROMISED--



THAT'S RIGHT, TALK
ABOUT "MURDOCK"
LIKE HE'S
SOMEBODY ELSE.

That's NOT what I MEANT.



ICY RAINWATER
SPLASHING UP MY
PANTS LEG SHOCKS
ME INTO FULL
LUCIDITY.

THIS TIME, I RETAIN THE
SKETCH OF MEMORY.

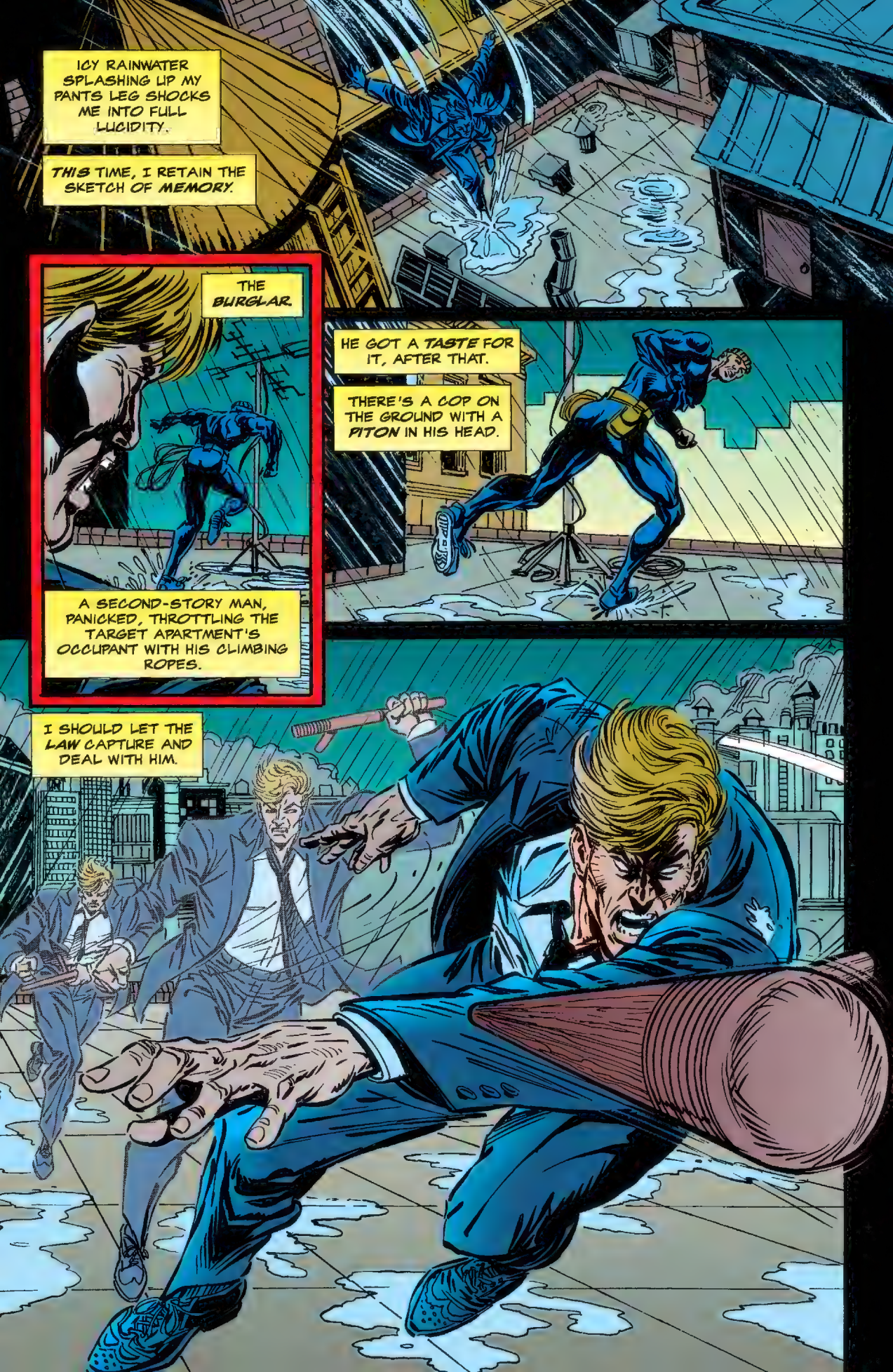
THE
BURGLAR.

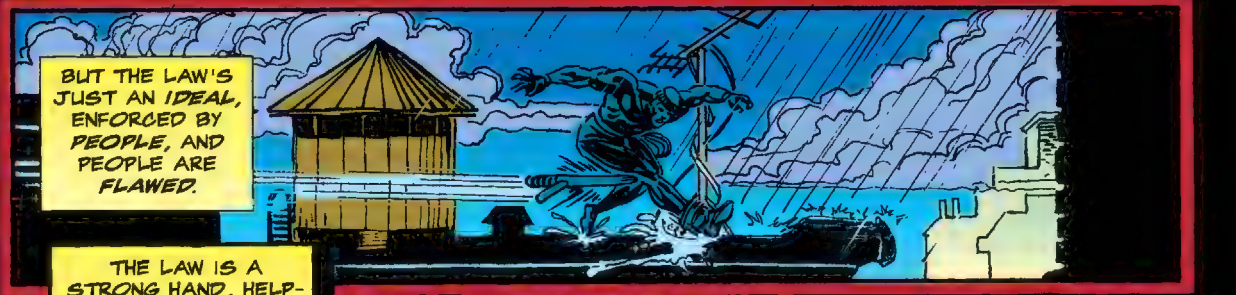
HE GOT A TASTE FOR
IT, AFTER THAT.

THERE'S A COP ON
THE GROUND WITH A
PITON IN HIS HEAD.

A SECOND-STORY MAN,
PANICKED, THROTTLING THE
TARGET APARTMENT'S
OCCUPANT WITH HIS CLIMBING
ROPES.

I SHOULD LET THE
LAW CAPTURE AND
DEAL WITH HIM.



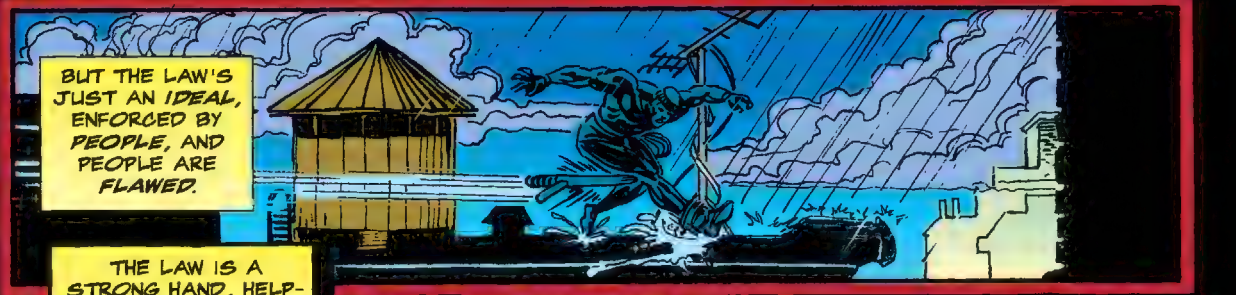


BUT THE LAW'S
JUST AN IDEAL,
ENFORCED BY
PEOPLE, AND
PEOPLE ARE
FLAWED.

THE LAW IS A
STRONG HAND, HELP-
ING THE WEAK AND
THE HOPELESS--

IT'S MY FATHER, SHOT
TO DEATH JUST YARDS
FROM HIS VICTORIOUS
BOXING RING.

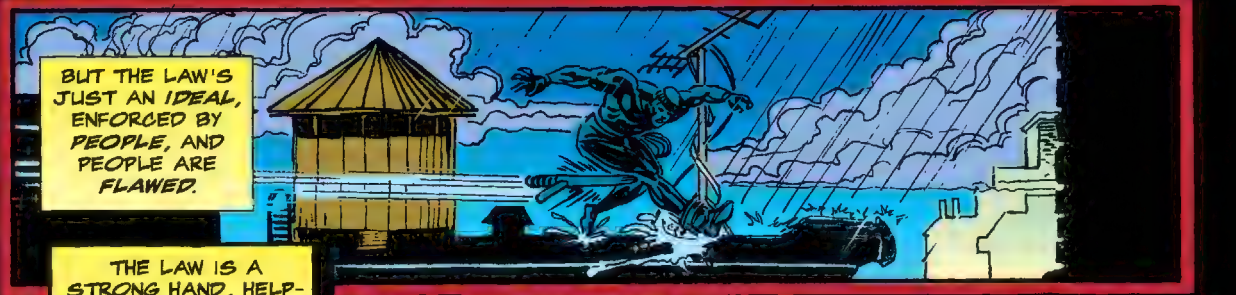
SOMETIMES--



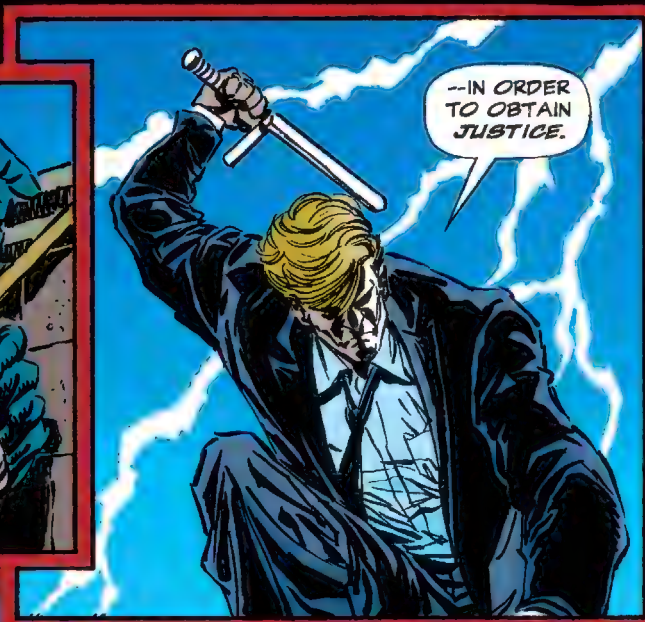
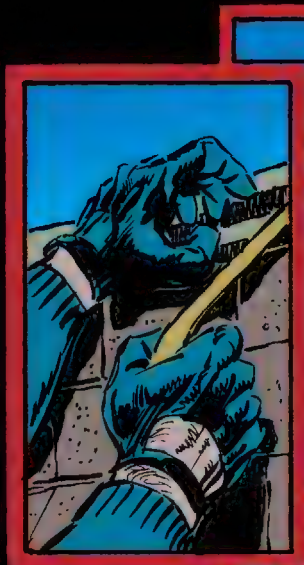
--BUT IT'S
ALSO A MAD-
MAN IN CITY
BLUE, BEATING
A STRANGER
TO DEATH IN A
TERRIBLE
ALLEYWAY.

IT'S THE MEN WHO
STOLE THE BREATH
FROM HIM, WALKING
AWAY, JUST WALKING
AWAY.

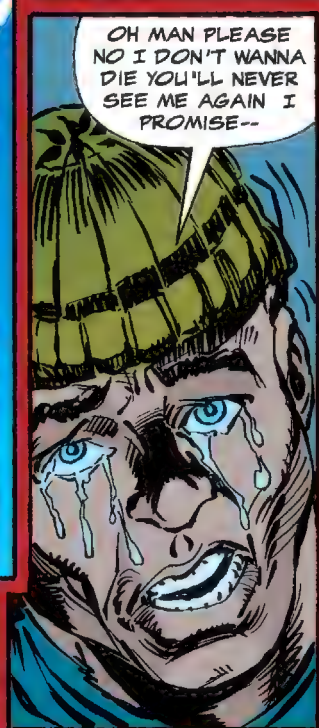
SOMETIMES,
THE LAW MUST
BE BROKEN, AND
BEATEN, AND
TOLD TO JUST
SHUT UP--



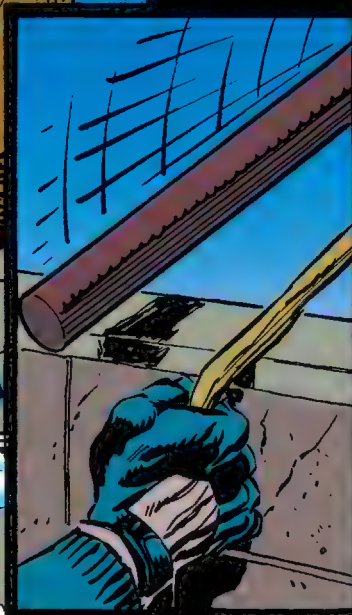
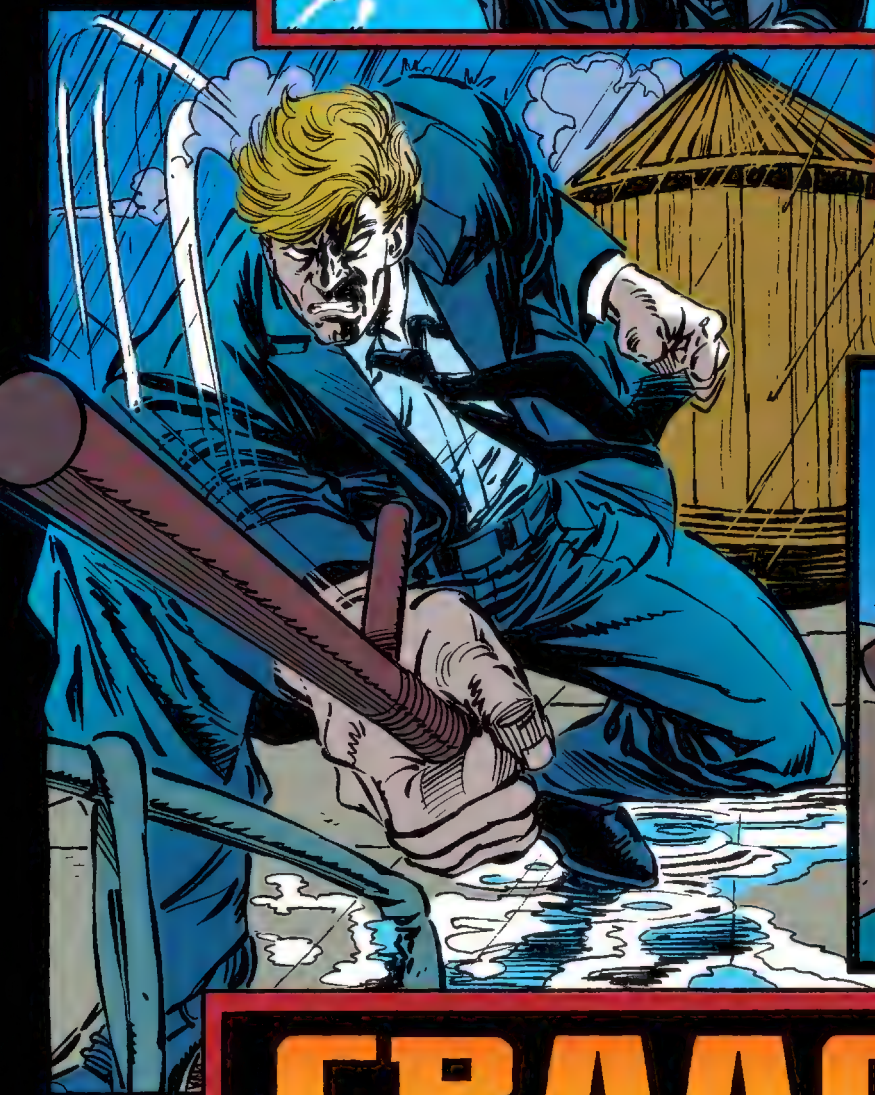
WHAT? OH
GOD, I'M GONNA
DIE--




--IN ORDER
TO OBTAIN
JUSTICE.



OH MAN PLEASE
NO I DON'T WANNA
DIE YOU'LL NEVER
SEE ME AGAIN I
PROMISE--



CRAACK



I BROKE HIS THUMB.

AND, SOONER OR LATER
THIS INCREDIBLY
IRRITATING "COUNSELOR
JIMINY CRICKET" VOICE
WILL CLEAR OFF TOO.

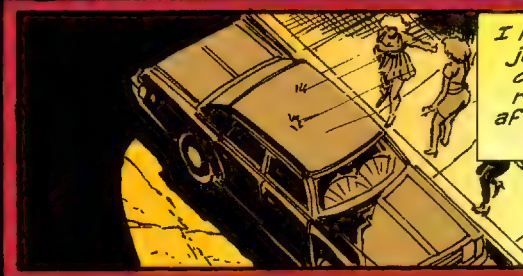
Oh, you'd
like THAT.

You're sick.

I'M HAVING BLANK
PERIODS. IT'LL CLEAR. IT'S
GETTING BETTER ALREADY.


But I don't wish to
waste the court's time,
so let me Frame my Final
questions carefully.

Why are you
DEFRAUDING
YOURSELF?

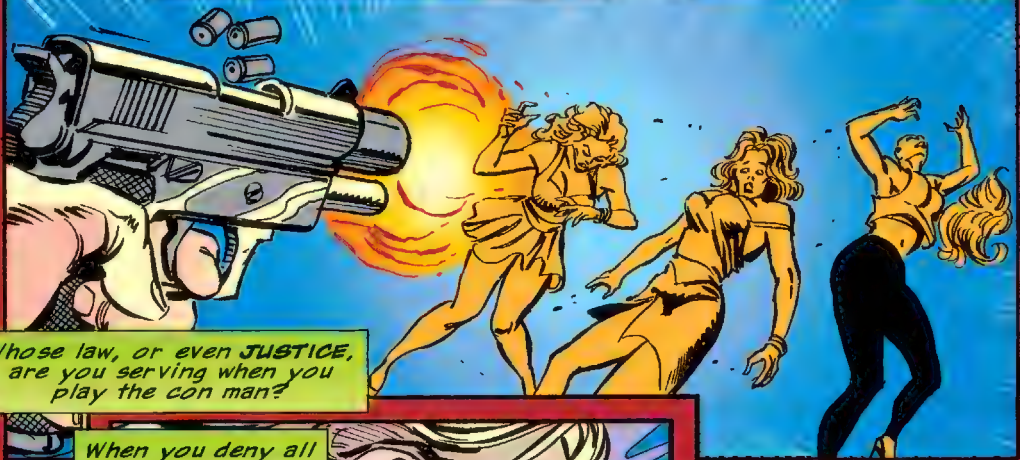


I mean, it's TRUE, I AM
just a renegade chunk
of your subconscious
running around loose
after that crack on the
head--

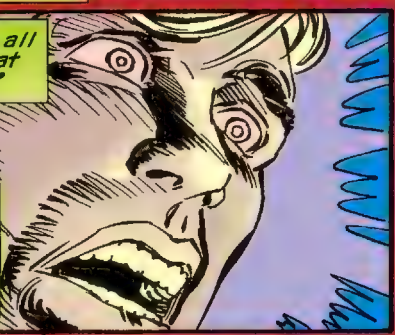
But it's still a good
question, right?

A street scene showing a dark, damaged car in the foreground. In the background, several people are walking on a sidewalk. A woman in a blue top and black skirt is walking towards the right. A man in a suit is walking towards the left. A sign on a building in the background reads "RATES HOOK \$5.00 DAY RATE".

What kind of "Daredevil" are you in your armor?

A close-up of a hand holding a large handgun, firing a bullet. The bullet is hitting three women who are running away from the viewer. The women are wearing orange tops and black skirts. The background is a bright blue sky.


Whose law, or even **JUSTICE**, are you serving when you play the con man?

A close-up of a man's face, looking upwards with a wide, open-mouthed expression. He has a mustache and is wearing a yellow shirt.

When you deny all the forces that defined you?

SHUT UP.


THE SHOUT OF EXPLOSIVES--
CORDITE STINK ON A THERMAL
UPDRAFT--

A man in a yellow shirt and black pants is falling from a building. He is in a horizontal position, with his arms outstretched. The building has a grid-like structure. The background is a bright blue sky.

EVEN A **BLIND MAN** CAN TELL THAT SOME **PSYCHOPATH** HAS JUST SHOT DOWN THREE WORKING GIRLS FOR NO GOOD REASON.



HE'S SINGING HYMNS.



AS I WAS SAYING.

You are tied to this place, this CITY, this PART OF the city--

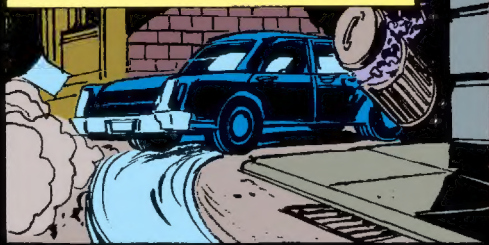
Why pretend that all of that stuff was your business, your **STRENGTH**--

--When we both know you walk the other side of the street?

--where the crime **ISN'T** wrapped in Armani suits, **OR** gaudy spandex, and it follows no rules and it makes no sense--

--it's where you were **BORN**, and that New York late night alleyway switch-blade madness is in your **BLOOD**.

I've got the evidence of your **WHOLE LIFE** here, Murdock.



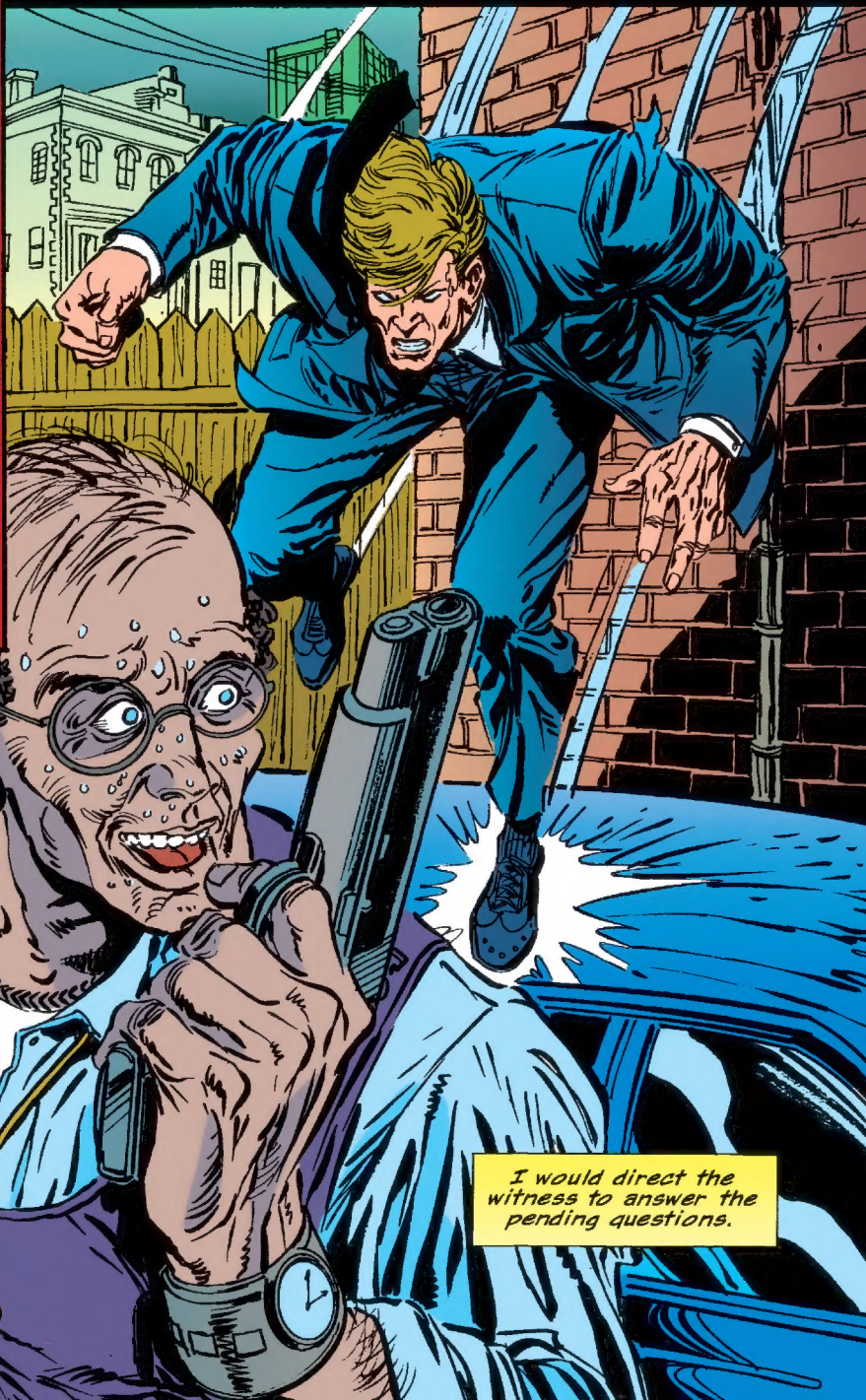
The whole point of your life was to become better than you were, and to drag the city up **WITH** you.

So you served the **LAW** and **FOUGHT** for **JUSTICE**.




Now? Playacting a **CON MAN**, the lowest form of life next to pimps and crack dealers.

In a bulletproof costume that makes you look like a **FETISHIST RIOT COP**.



I would direct the witness to answer the pending questions.



Matt? The question
is pending.

Matt?

Matt, if you ignore me, I'll
have you sent down for
contempt of court, so help
me...

I'll be BACK...this is just
an ADJOURNMENT, do you
hear me?... this recross is
NOT FINISHED...



IT'S MY
LIFE!

AND I'LL
DO WHAT I
LIKE!



END.

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ELLIS • POLLARD & M. JONES • PALMER • N.J.Q. • JAVINS • CHASE
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